

THE HERALD'S HARP.



TO WILLIAM.

It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart beat high,
And I had soothed the warning voice that told me thou must die.
I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits light and free,
And infant grace and beauty threw their every charm on thee.
Upon the dewy field I saw thine early footsteps fly,
Unfettered as the matin bird that cleaves the radiant sky;
And often as the sunrise gale blew back thy shining hair,
Thy cheek displayed the red rose tinge that health had painted there.

Then withered as my heart had been, I could not but rejoice,
To hear upon the morning wind the music of thy voice.
Now echoing in the careless laugh, now melting down to tears:
'Twas like the sounds I used to hear in old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little lovely boy,
'Tis all remains of former bliss that care cannot destroy;
I listened as the mariner suspends the out-bound oar,
To taste the farewell gale that blows from off his native shore.

I loved thee, and my heart was blest—but ere the day was spent,
I saw thy light and graceful limbs in drooping illness bent,
And shuddered as I cast a look upon thy fainting head,
For all the glow of health was gone, and life was almost fled.

One glance upon thy marble brow made known that hope was vain;
I knew the swiftly wasting lamp should never light again:
Thy cheek was pale, thy snow-white lips were gently thrown apart,
And life in every passing breath seemed gushing from the heart.

And when I could not keep the tear from gathering in my eye,
Thy little hand prest gently mine in token of reply;
To ask one more exchange of love thy look was upward cast,
And in that long and burning kiss thy happy spirit passed.

I trusted I should not have lived to bid farewell to thee,
And nature in my heart declares it ought not so to be;
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary head should lay,
And live beloved when I was gone, for many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close,
And how I envied in that hour thy calm and deep repose:
For I was left alone on earth, with pain and grief oppress'd,
And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary are at rest.

Yes, I am left alone on earth—but I will not repine,
Because a spirit loved so well is earlier blest than mine:
My fate may darken as it will—I shall not much deplore,
Since thou art where the ill of life can never reach thee more.

FROM THE NEW YORK STATESMAN.

The following lines, which have been for some years great favorites with the public, were originally published in a Charleston (S. C.) paper. The author was an English gentleman of the finest talents, who had been in a very heavy mercantile business with his father and brothers in Liverpool, and had frequently occasion to visit this country. The most romantic vicissitudes overtook him and his nearest relatives, such as the most vivid fancy could scarcely conceive. A free life, in part the cause of his own immediate reverses, so much impaired his health as to compel his departure to a southern climate, where, happily, although late in life, the effects of early religious impressions and the remembrance of the pious precepts of his long lost father, produced a radical change in his heart, and gave a new impulse to the muse, which years before had often delighted and astonished the lovers of song. The beautiful pathos of the following effusion will be doubly realized after a knowledge of the foregoing circumstances.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high,
I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother.
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books which excels every other—
That family Bible that lay on the stand.

The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.
That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At noon and at evening could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band.

Half rapt'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand.
That richest of books which excels every other—
That family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility long have we parted,
My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more,
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand.

That richest of books which excels every other—
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

Extract from Remarks on the Duties of the Ministerial Office.

But we are in danger of mental indolence. We are liable to relax from that vigorous and painful exertion of the intellectual powers, which is needful to the most able and efficient discharge of our professional duties. The labor of thinking is that to which we are naturally disinclined: and the same time it is that without which no extensive acquisitions of substantial knowledge can ever be made. But the times demand action. This is esteemed first, second, and third among the means of effecting the object of our calling. But while thus urged to action, we are in no small danger of neglecting the habit of reading, and what is more detrimental, of neglecting the habit of thinking. The pressing calls upon our time, which must be met, divert us from study, till we lose the habit of it, and it becomes irksome. This is no small calamity. If the habit of study is not maintained, we shall make no progress in knowledge, human or divine; instead of this we shall gradually decline, and lose the inconceivable stock with which we entered on our work; and at the age when our minds ought to be in full strength and vigor, thoroughly disciplined and stored with information, we shall be miserable specimens of imbecility and barrenness. This subject assumes a painful interest when we consider that mental exertion is indispensable to the prolonging of mental activity; that neglect of study in early and middle life, will unavoidably occasion the decline of our faculties, and render us in advanced years a burden to ourselves, and to others. Here beyond all question is, in many instances, the reason why people complain that their minister is growing

old, and wish to exchange him for a young man. It is because his mind has grown torpid by lying still.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Woman, defenseless woman, needs the influence and support of piety. In all her fears and trials, in all her disappointment and fatigue, how frail, how baseless, the superstructure of her hopes, if the eternal God is not her refuge. But with the God of Jacob for her help, how does poor, feeble woman triumph over the trials of apostasy, and the helplessness of her condition, and throw into the shades of oblivion, the patience, submission and confidence of the stronger sex. I have often thought that piety has been to women what it never has been to men. And how has its matchless power been evinced, especially in the storms of keen adversity! Many a time, while the quivering spirit of her hardy compeer has been shattered by the tempest, and when in painful apprehension, I have looked to see her frail form sink beneath the billows; has her heaven invigorated countenance faced the storm, and her buoyant heart been fixed, trusting in the Lord. Oh! my young female friends, lift your youthful eye up to the Father of Lights, and however dark and heavy the clouds that may be about him, you shall discern some "bow of promise" around his throne. Heavy clouds and thick darkness may indeed be there. The days may be few that are crowned with peace and joy. But oh! there is every thing to cheer the mournful vale. Those indications of grace and faithfulness shall never withdraw their ennobling lustre from the throne of God. Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light, and that light shall never fade, that immortality shall never die.—Dr. Spring.

WOMAN.

A work just published in England, entitled "Tales by the Olden Family," furnishes the following touching tribute to woman,—to the general truth and justness of which, though perhaps a little in the extreme of coloring, the feelings of every man, on whom the hand of severe sickness has been laid, will involuntarily respond.

"It has been often remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, and no heart like woman's heart; and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow rather than the light of the sad lamp that watches it; let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait, alone and sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn into the chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry even for the sake of the brother of his heart or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit will grow impatient at the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove, in one instance at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place. The woman feels no weariness and owns no recollection of self. In silence and in the depth of night she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified term may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir, or whisper, or breath of the now more than ever loved one who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not wake a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus, night after night she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed—her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature, that at all other times is weakens, now gaining a superhuman strength, and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GENERAL DUTIES OF MAN.

Translated from a German book entitled "The Guide of Youth."

(CONTINUED.)

II. DUTIES TO OURSELVES.

Master-piece of a God, on this world, man! it behoves thee to prize the excellence of thy soul properly, and to assert the worth of this immortal being which thy Creator hath given thee.

Raise thyself, if it is to thee, raise thyself from the dust! Direct thy views to heaven, and heroically tread the passions under thy feet.

Accustom thyself early to the exercise of virtue. The first impressions of it will probably never be effaced from the soul.

Remind thyself incessantly, that thy principal business must be, to labor for eternity, and to secure thy happiness. All else is either indifferent or injurious.

Be thy days numerous as the sand on the sea-shore, what will such a prodigious length of life avail thee, if it must conclude with the loss of thy soul?

Flee from evil and pursue that which is good; for the Most High Judge shall carefully weigh thy works in his balance.

The life of man upon earth is as a path; on each side he beholds a frightful abyss; and snares spread themselves under his feet.

Repress swelling pride, and the raging impulse of anger. These two monsters, hatched by vengeance, have covered the whole earth with sin and destruction.

Dost thou give up thyself to the impulse of wrath? It will cut the thread of thy life, and plunge thee into the pit before thy time.

Flee from the contentious man: He is a troubled ocean, whose waves mount to the heavens: wrath flashes in his eyes, and the pointed dagger in his hand.

But it is not enough to suppress the boisterous emotions of the soul; the door must be barred against the entrance of vice; suffer it not to make its abode in thee. Labor by prayer to obtain that divine aid which alone can give thee the full and complete victory over it.

Beware of idleness, that poisonous fountain of all evil. On the ocean of life, calms are no less dangerous than storms.

The laborious are as a gentle stream, whose crystalline waves glide over the sand, and every where entice forth the riches of the spring.

Carefully avoid all connexion with men who drink wickedness as water, and who glory in their shame.

Immodesty would soon expel every sentiment of purity, chastity and honor from thy heart; would wash out the traces of ingenious baseness from thy forehead, and spread in its stead contempt and disgrace.

Art thou once become the sport of thy passions; then shalt thou be as a ship despoiled by the storm, driven to and fro by the winds; and a melancholy sinking will be the conclusion of thy transgressions.

The society of the virtuous and pious is to youth, what a good climate is to the constitution, and the waters of the heavens to the fruits of the earth.

One of the most dangerous rocks to youth is the reading of improper books; those dumb teachers of vice and infidelity.

Cast far from thee that poisonous spawn of hell; rather let blindness close thine eyes, than thou shouldst employ them to thy destruction.

Heaven and earth, all created beings, and above all, the Creator himself—all invite, all engage man to the love of wisdom, and the knowledge of eternal truths.

Nothing is more beautiful, nothing more lovely than

wisdom; its brightness eclipses the splendor of gold, and its fruits are sweeter than honey.

Let temperance and sobriety, my son, preside at thy table. He who becomes a slave to his appetites, destroys his body, and weakens his understanding.

Consider the glutton oppressed with food. He would make his body the temple of pleasure, but he converts it into a lazaret-house.

Stupidity is the consequence of gluttony. Wisdom never took up her residence in the soul enamored with eating and drinking.

Recollect frequently that thou art but a passenger in this world. This mortal life is but a moment, to introduce the great day of eternity.

O youth! while the light irradiates thine eye, labor for thy salvation. Soon, very soon, the darkness of death will overtake thee.

Flatter not thyself that the end of thy path is still afar off. How oft is youth deceived, when it presumes on health and jovial day!

(To be concluded in our next.)

PERSEVERANCE OF A SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

It was noted at the teachers' meeting, that a little girl, nine years old, a faithful attendant at Sunday School, was forbidden by her parents to attend any longer, as they were opposed to the institution. Having no direct views of its character, and besides being in the country, and some distance from the school, and it being the winter season, they thought the object not of sufficient importance for the care and trouble their little girl bestowed on it. She, however, thought otherwise; and though of an amiable disposition, and an obedient child, she yet persevered in her endeavors to attend the school, till her parents threatened that if she attempted to go again, they would send her from home. The next Sabbath she began as usual, to prepare for the Sunday School, without endeavoring to hide her intentions. The parents were astonished at her perseverance, but more so when the little girl had put on her hat, and taking her little book, thus addressed them: "Father and mother, I love you; I love you very much, but I think I love Jesus, our Saviour, a great deal more; and so I am going to Sunday School." Quite confounded at the conduct of this dear child, the parents permitted her to depart, and shortly followed her to the Sunday School, and were delighted with all that passed there, and thenceforth permitted her to attend. At no distant period the father and mother became members of the church, and stated that their earliest convictions of the truth were produced by that circumstance, and expressed great pleasure at the early piety of their interesting little girl.—*Am. S. Mag.*

LOVE OF FAME.

Themistocles when a very young man, was observed, soon after the famous battle of Marathon, in which Miltiades obtained so much glory, to be much alone, very pensive, unwilling to attend the usual entertainments, and even to watch whole nights. Being asked by some of his friends what was the cause of all this, he answered, "The trophies of Miltiades will not suffer me to sleep." Thus fired with a love of glory, in a few years, he became the first man in Greece. Young Christians, faith presents to your view far greater glories than Greece could bestow on her most successful heroes. The perishing honors of Miltiades and Themistocles are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. Could they forego all the pleasures of youth to have their names enrolled in the records of fame?—And cannot you, by the help of Almighty grace, become a good soldier of Jesus Christ; in the hope of obtaining a crown of glory that shall never fade.

SAILORS' FRIEND.

FROM THE NEW YORK MARINER'S MAGAZINE.

TRIUMPHS OF THE CAUSE.

Circumstances are constantly developing which confirm our hopes, and strengthen and animate our efforts in the glorious cause in which we have embarked. The least our readers can do is, carefully to peruse the many important and convincing proofs of the practicability and success of the Bethel cause, which we are called, from week to week, to record. Can any reader doubt, or hesitate, after reading the following?

On the 19th, two seamen called on a pious captain for Bibles. He told them it was out of his power to give all the seamen Bibles, and that every person who wished one could afford to pay seventy-five cents for it—but the practice is to supply all persons who cross the Atlantic with Bibles. One of them said, "I wish I had a Bible now, I never wanted one before." "Why do you want one now?" asked Captain P. "I want to read it." "Why do you want to read it now?" He was so much affected he could not speak. "When did you first desire to read the Bible?" "About a week ago." "Do you feel that you are a sinner?" "I do." "How long have you felt so?" "Since last Saturday evening, at the meeting on board the Fairy; what was then said, and the prayers that were offered for seamen, gave me great distress; and reading the tract you gave me made me feel more distressed. I have not been able to go out of the house before." He was asked what tract he had—he handed it—it was entitled "The Bible the best of all books." I have read the tract, said the sailor, ten or eleven times, and I want to read that book, the Bible. His request could not be denied.

A seaman who had been in the habit of spending the Sabbath at the alehouse, having had an invitation to attend a Marine's church put into his hand, said to his wife one Sabbath morning, that he should like to go and see what was going on. His wife, afraid, lest by saying any thing in way of advice, she should lead him, in the spirit of opposition, to change those intentions, which she was afraid were insincere, did not press him to attend, but only said that if he went, his dinner would be ready for him when he came home. He accordingly went, and on his return, he said to his wife, "Well, I have been to hear sermon, and I like it very much." On his wife asking him, in her usual manner, if he would now have his dinner, he replied, with a look of much seriousness, "No,"—and putting his hand on his pocket, took out the tract which had been given him at church. "Sit down here," said he, "I must first read you this tract, which the gentleman gave me." He read to the end, and appeared very thoughtful—took his dinner, at which, for the first time, he employed a blessing—remained at home the whole of the day—and characteristically said to his wife, "I am determined to go to that shop again." More than forty shipmasters of this city have voluntarily given their opinion, that the spread of the Bible among seamen has made many of them better men, and that its good effects are daily increasing. Few captains are now willing to go to sea without Bibles. One who was once unwilling to receive the Bible on board his ship, and was altogether opposed to the Society, now calls it one of the best institutions in the world; and hopes that by means of Bethel societies he has become a new creature. He now devotes a regular season to religious exercises on board, and his men are respectful and attentive.

A SISTER'S CONSOLATION.

A pious girl, who had lost father and mother, and all other relations except a brother, who was a sailor, recently heard of the shipwreck of the vessel in which this brother sailed, and that he was among the number of the drowned. She was left alone in the earth, desolate and bereaved; but in relating, with many bursting sobs, her grief to her minister, she closed with this, "But, O, sir, I have this to comfort me—my brother died a Christian!" O, would Christians leave to sailors' relatives consolations like this? then give them pious instruction!—*Ibid.*

MISCELLANY.

Indian notions of writing.—Brother Moses M. Henkle, who preceded brother Finley on the Wyandott mission, gave me the following anecdote, which affords an interesting view of the ingenuity of the uncultivated minds of the Indians: "At the time when I first visited the Wyandots, most of them were entirely ignorant of the art of writing. One day I was observed by an Indian recording some remarks in my journal. He approached me, and for some time very minutely observed the process: then, pointing to what was written, he inquired, 'What do those marks mean?' I endeavored to give him some general ideas of the nature and advantages of writing; after which he paused in a silent meditative mood for some considerable time, and then said, 'This art gives you white men a great advantage over us Indians; for you have a better, a safer record for your notions than we.' Then, to exemplify and illustrate the subject he said, 'You go about your work, and when you find a good notion, you get your book, and then you put your notion away safely, and you can always have it when you want it; but me go hunt; me think and think in the woods till me find good notion. Ah! me glad, me take good care me notion. Me see back!—Here he took through all the motions of the whole affair of shooting, bleeding, and preparing his buck for packing; and affected as much anxiety, interest and emotion, as though it were all a reality. After he had gone quite through the whole, he affected suddenly, and for the first time, to recollect his new notion, as he styled it; and with an expression of deep regret exclaimed, 'Me notion all gone! And if me go and look where me drop me notion, me no find he there, he all gone; no, never poor Indian find him. But you kill buck, and lose your notion out of your head, you got him fast in your pocket!'—*Rec. J. Reese.*

FROM THE AMERICAN STATESMAN.

AMERICA, THE HEAD OF NATIONS.

Mr. Greene—While reading the latest productions of three of the most popular writers in our city, your correspondent has been highly pleased to observe the general similarity of their sentiments, but more particularly on these two very important subjects: the first is an opinion, to use the words of the Rev. Mr. Wayland, "that this country is evidently at the head of the popular party throughout the civilized world;" the other is, that if this country continues properly to exemplify the principles of its constitution, every nation in the world will eventually adopt a form of government on the same basis.—Mr. Webster and Mr. Wayland, express an opinion also, that if the cause of liberty dies with us it ceases for ever.—The extracts are from Wayland's Discourses on the Duties of an American Citizen—Webster's Address on Bunker Hill—and Sprague's Oration. Believing that they will tend to promote the circulation of these excellent publications, it is hoped you will insert them in your valuable paper. The arrangement of the authors is in the order in which their productions appeared. Mr. Wayland's in May, Mr. Webster's in June, and Mr. Sprague's in July.

HAMILTON.

EXTRACTS FROM V. WAYLAND.

"If the cause of true religion and of Man shall eventually triumph, as we trust in God it will, who can tell how splendid are the destinies which will then await this country! One feeling, the love of liberty, will have counted together all the nations of the earth. Though speaking different languages and inhabiting different regions, all will be but one people, united in the pursuit of one object, the happiness of the whole. And at the head of this truly holy alliance, if faithful to their trust, will then this nation be found. The first that taught them to be free; the first that suffered in the contest; the nation that most freely and most firmly stood by them in the hour of their calamity; at her feet they lay the tribute of universal gratitude. Each one bound to her by every sentiment of interest and affection, she will be the centre of the new system, which shall then emerge out of the chaos of ancient institutions. Henceforth she will sway for ages the destinies of the world.

"Who of us does not kindle into enthusiasm as he contemplates the mighty interests connected with the prosperity of this country? With the success of our institutions, the cause of Man throughout the civilized world seems indissolubly interwoven." pp. 31, 32.

"It is evident, that unless called to defend the cause of liberty in the field, all we can do for it must be done at home. Our power resides in the force of our example. It is by exhibiting to other nations the practical excellence of a government of law, that they will learn its nature and advantages, and will in due time achieve their own emancipation." pp. 35, 36.

"So long as our people remain virtuous and intelligent, our government will remain stable. While they clearly perceive, and honestly decree just laws will be wholesome, and the principles of our constitution will recommend themselves everywhere to the common sense of man. But should our people become ignorant and vicious; should their decisions become the dictates of passion and venality, rather than of reason and of right, that moment are our liberties at an end; and, glad to escape the despotism of millions, we shall flee for shelter to the despotism of one. Then will the world's last hope be extinguished, and darkness brood for ages over the whole human race." pp. 36—37.

"When I look forward over the long track of coming ages, the dim shadows of unborn nations pass in solemn review before me, and each, by every sympathy which binds together the whole brotherhood of Man, implores this country to fulfil that destiny to which she has been summoned by an all-wise Providence, and save a sinking world from temporal misery and eternal death." pp. 43.

EXTRACTS FROM WEBSTER.

And, now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit, which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. And let us endeavor to comprehend, in all its magnitude, and to feel, in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows, that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration. We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us, is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed, that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are exhortations to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief, that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, perhaps not always for the better, in form, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country, any other is impossible. The Principle of Free Governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immoveable as its mountains. pp. 36—38.

EXTRACTS FROM SPRAGUE.

"And now, it is no vain speech, to say, the eyes of the world have been long upon us. For nearly fifty years we have run the glorious race of empire. Friends have gazed in fear, and foes in scorn; but fear is lost in joy, and scorn is turned to wonder. The great experiment has succeeded. Mankind behold the spectacle of a land, whose crown is wisdom, whose mire is purity, whose heraldry is talent; a land, where public sentiment is supreme, and where every man may erect the pyramid of his own fair fame. They behold, they believe, and they will imitate. The day is coming, when thrones can no longer be supported by parchment rolls. It is not a levelling of thrones, signed and sealed by three frail mortal men; but can for ever keep down suffering millions; these will rise; they will point to another scroll; to that, of whose bold signers our THREE remain; our THREE, whose 'alliance' was indeed, a 'holy' one, but met the approving smile of a Holy God!"

"Many must suffer defeat, and many must taste death, but freedom's battle will yet be fought and won. As heaven unbends the intellect of man, his own arm will rescue his body. Liberty will yet seek abroad in the gardens of Europe. Her hand will pluck the grapes of the south, her eye will watch the snow-drifts of the north. The crescent will go down in blood, from that 'bright clime of battle and song,' for which He died, that noble Briton, and warrior-bard, who raised his generous arm, like La Fayette, who struck his golden lyre to La Fayette, great LEADER!"

"And to this young land will belong the prize. The struggling nations point to our example, and their own tongues repeat the cheering language of our sympathy. Already, when a master spirit looks among them, they call him their WASHINGTON. Along the foot of the Andes, they breathe in gratitude the name of CLAY,—by the ivy-buried ruins of the Parthenon, they bless the eloquence of WEBSTER!" pp. 29, 30.

"I would not, for I need not, use the language of inflation; but the doctrine is gone forth; and as sure as the blue arch of creation is in beauty above us, sure will it span the mightiest dominion that ever shook the earth. Imagination cannot outstrip reality, when it contemplates our destinies as a people. We nature sleep in her solitary loveliness, villages and cities, and states have smiled into being. A giant nation has been born. Labor and art are adorning, and science is exalting, the land that religion sanctified, and liberty redeemed. From the shores to the mountains, from the regions of frost to the valleys of eternal spring, myriads of bold and understanding men are uniting to strengthen a government of their own choice, and perpetuate the institutions of their own creation.

"The germ wafted over the ocean, has struck a deep root in the earth, and raised its high head to the clouds.

"Man look'd in scorn, but Heaven beheld and blest! Its brimmy glories, spreading o'er the West. No summer gale, the wonder of a day, Born but to bloom, and then to fade away, A giant oak, it lifts its lofty form, Greens in the sun, and strengthens in the storm. Long in its shade shall children's children come, And welcome earth's poor wanderers to a home. Long shall it live, and every blast defy, Till time's last whirlwind sweep the vaulted sky." pp. 31, 32.

THE GATHERER.

THE BOASTER REPROVED.

Euripides was slow in composing, and labored with difficulty, from which circumstance a foolish and insolent poet once observed that he had written a hundred verses in three days, while Euripides had only written three. "True," says Euripides; "but this is the difference between your poetry and mine—yours will expire in three days, but mine shall live for ages to come." Thus we often find, that what is of rapid growth, soon comes to decay. It has been found true also, sometimes in a moral sense, that those who have made the greatest profession, and seemed to have outstripped all others in their zeal, have, in the end, fallen away; while the deliberate, cautious, the humble, have held on their way.

MONITOR.—No. 20.

OF WORLDLY WISDOM.

The wisdom of worldly minded men must needs be great, since our Lord assures us, that it is greater than that of the children of God; yet with all its pretensions and fair appearances, it is fatal to those who follow it. This crooked and subtle wisdom is most opposite to that of God, which is ever plain and simple; and what does it avail its professors, seeing they are always taken in their own devices? The apostle St. James saith of this kind of wisdom, that it is earthly, animal, (or sensual,) and devilish. James 1. 15. Earthly, because it confines its cares to the acquisition and possession of earthly things. Animal, or sensual, because it seeks only to make provision for gratifying the passions or sensual appetites. And devilish, because to the subtlety and penetration of a demon, it joins also its malice. Men so qualified, think to impose upon others, but in the event they deceive only themselves.

Blind, therefore, are all those who think themselves wise without the grace of Jesus Christ, which only can make us truly wise. They are like those who in a dream think themselves awake, and believe imaginary objects to be true and real; and while they are pursuing their vain projects of pleasure or ambition, (so great is the infatuation that possesses them,) they see not that sometimes disgrace, always death, judgment and eternity, lie in the way before them. These great objects daily advance, and approach nearer to profane men; yet they see them not. Their passions skill foresees every thing, but the inevitable fall and annihilation of all they set their hearts upon. O mad and infatuated, when will we open our eyes to the light of Jesus Christ, which discovers the emptiness of all the grandeur which mortals possess. FETTERED.

Striking reply of a plain Countryman.—A poor man who had heard the preaching of the Gospel, and to whom the word had been blessed to his salvation, was the subject of much profane jest and ridicule among his fellow-workmen and neighbors. On being asked if these daily persecutions did not make him ready sometimes almost to give up his profession, and attachment to divine truth; he replied, "No! I recollect what our good minister once said in his sermon, that if we were so foolish as to permit such people to laugh us out of our religion, till at last we dropped it to hell, they could not laugh us out again."

A scoffing infidel of considerable abilities, being once in company with a person of weak intellects, but a real Christian, and supposing, no doubt, that he should obtain an easy triumph, and display his ungoverned wit, put the following question to him: "I understand, sir, that you expect to go to heaven when you die; can you tell me what sort of a place heaven is?" "Yes, sir," replied the Christian; "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people; and if your soul is not prepared for it, with all your boasted wisdom, you will never enter there."

For vain applause transgress not Scripture rules: A wily sinner is the worst of fools.

Honorable men.—When P. Daretus, missed the honor of being elected one of the three hundred who held a distinguished rank in the city, he went home extremely well satisfied, saying he was overjoyed to find that there were 300 men in Sparta more honorable than himself.

